

EARTH LOVERS! TREE HUGGERS! ECO-RADICALS!

DESERT RATS! WILDERPREAKS! ENVIRONMENTAL EXTREMISTS!

Defend Mother Earth — Protect the Wilderness

Come to The Third Annual

Round River Rendezvous!

sponsored by EARTH FIRST!



July 3rd

11 AM - 6 PM

CECIL GARLAND as Master of Ceremonies

Ed Abbey — Art Goodtimes — Howie Wolfe
with

Dave Foreman — Johnny Sagebrush — Cecilia Ostow

The Lithium Brothers

— PLIB —

"James 'Fee' Watt"

and a Host of Others

Also: Present Blockade to Defend the Gros Ventre from Getty Oil

Standard Earth First! Party the night of the 3rd

EARTH FIRST! WORKSHOPS & SEMINARS

July 4th

Keg Beer — Hot Dogs — Potato Salad

(Completely priced)

Free to All — Come Early!

Call your local EFL contact for carpooling info.

For further information call:

RRR Headquarters

Ack for "Round River Rom."

WYOMING (307) 733-8084

TO GET THERE: First, find Jackson, Wyoming. Then go about 25 miles southeast on Highway 187-189 towards Piney and Rock Springs. Turn off at Granite Creek Road and go two miles—

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Hey, There! What's That Sound?

By Pete Dustrud

It is summer. Each day as the sun burns bright, the warmth moves to higher places. Little by little, the mountain soil releases more moisture, nurturing nature's wonders. The forest is not quiet; it is alive with sound and movement. Millions of songs fill the air—birds, insects, the wind on the treetops and the gushing streams—all playing their melodies by the rhythm of the Earth. Nothing is lost here, nothing is taken without being returned. The largest creatures give back to the smallest. Everything here, right down to the last drop of water, the most hidden spider, the smallest patch of lichen, takes its part in the great cycle. Between these sounds, this chorus of life, there is another phenomenon permeating every nook and cranny in the universe. It too can be heard, but one must listen well.

It is the silence.

Today it is very quiet. The silence is broken by only faint whispers. As the day grows hotter, the silence grows thicker. What is wrong? Where are we? Is this a dream? No, this is the Gros Ventre Range of Wyoming. And today, every creature is intently listening because they have never heard this sound before. Far off it comes—plodding, thumping, churning and banging; metallic beasts of destruction have entered the lower hills and are slowly, but steadily, inching their way up Little Granite Creek, smashing, killing, laying waste, devouring everything in the way.

Oh, they have done this elsewhere. What was once virgin wilderness, thriving with nature's abundance, is now scarred and festering, riddled with cancerous tumors of the humans' making. Like a patient, infected with cancer, the malignancy only grows larger and more lethal. Before enough anti-bodies can come to the defense, the organism is dying.

But, as it has been said, life is tough and death is easy. The noise at the bottom of the mountain gets louder. As it does, millions of heartbeats on the mountain

listen well.

Thousands of miles away, in a vinyl and chrome-plated toilet stall, an insidious shell of what was once a being resembling the human variety, will let off an extra cackle or two, as he, James G. Watt, muses over his "divine" duty, and tomorrow will call the rape of the Gros Ventre "wise management."

Like a nasty nightmare, all of this could happen, but here's the pinch: It won't, because there are now enough concerned, fed-up and active humans, who are loosely united under one banner (not a national one, but a planetary one), who are drawn to that strong impulse and concern: The Earth's survival. We are not, and the Earth is not, alive because of profits first, nor because of power first, greed first, progress first or war first—we are alive due to the Earth first—always have been, always will be. We are Earth Firsters! The survival of this one and only planet we have is what

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quickened. An old grizzly bear suddenly gives up trying to catch her fat trout and disappears into thicker cover. All around the path of the invaders, animals scatter to seek refuge, much like they do when a fire comes. Unlike fires, however, the noisy clattering bulldozers are relentless: they keep coming, and will do so until they reach a pristine, alpine saddle, far up on the mountain. There, they will bring up other weapons to tear a deep hole out of the life-giving Earth. Like a hideous vampire, this mechanized bloodsucker will stab deep into the soil and rock deep of the decayed remains of creatures long gone.

Once oil is found, the pumps will pull from the Earth as much oil and gas as is demanded by the desperate power-mongers in charge of the invading machinery.

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So rise up, Earth Firsters,

your Mother Earth is in pain and

great peril—rally to Her defense.

Come to the Gros Ventre on the

3rd and 4th of July—if you are

without means to get out here,

call your nearest Earth First!

Contact, or call the RRR hotline

in Jackson at (307) 733-8054, or

give Tony Moore a ring, or even

see if your thumb is still attractive

enough to snag a ride from a

passerby. If you have a little cash

you can spare, send it to the RRR

headquarters in Jackson. Make

out your check to: Mike Roselle,

Box 2617, Jackson, WY 83001.

Mike and his crew are busting ass

to get this thing together and

make it an event to remember

and be proud of, but most of all,

one which will make a difference

and set a precedent. Help out—

send what you can.

But, whatever you do, be sure

to come to the RRR and also stand

by for the news of Getty Oils'

possible imminent invasion of

Little Granite Creek. Getty now

has a permit to roadbuild and

drill. Appeals and injunctions

might ward them off for a spell.

On the other hand, if all appeals

to save the Gros Ventre fail, the

final "approval" for Getty to drill

the Gros Ventre will have come

from those of us who this summer stay away from the Gros Ventre.

EARTH FIRST! NEWSLETTER

LITHA EDITION

Vol. II, No. VI



FEW Dollars And No Sense

In the purest sense, biologically speaking, there is no one place on earth which is a complete "ecosystem" unto itself. The biosphere is far too complex and interdependent to tag with labels. But it is possible to point to various facets of the natural order of life on earth and recognize some of them as overwhelmingly crucial to the overall scheme of things.

For instance, the Amazon Basin is a great, but now threatened, expanse of wild jungle lands which has been estimated to generate as much as 25% of the atmosphere's oxygen, and has been called "Earth's lungs."

An oversimplification scientifically speaking, yes, but a graphic and frightening irony can be drawn when we consider the sequences of the rapid deforestation going on in and around Brazil.

If we can call the Amazon Basin the lungs of Mother Earth,

and do. The score is pretty damn obvious. Our planet is being destroyed by humans, so it must be saved by humans. If we don't say Her, who will?

In this place called "America"

only small pockets of wilderness have escaped the cruel blade of development. But greed runs fast in its pursuit of "profit." Now these last remaining wilderness areas (and study areas) are about to be consumed, gobbled up forever. That is, if we let it happen—which we won't.

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the rest of our remaining wild and free places—move that much closer to becoming the eminent domain of the rich, the powerful and the foolish, and Mother Earth will have come that much closer to ecological collapse. We cannot allow that day to come. pd

Moab Politicos to Blade Negro Bill Canyon WSA

The day was July 4, 1979. Grand County Commissioner, Ray Tibbets, and his cretin cohorts, climbed aboard bulldozers and bladed a road into a lovely, meandering, roadless canyon near Moab, which has been under BLM Wilderness review.

Conservationists and other caring people were agast. The BLM threatened action against the commissioners, but that's about as far as it went.

A year later, on July 4th again, the commissioners decided to do it again, this time in another BLM-WSA in the foothills above Moab. Again, the same namby-pamby reaction from the BLM.

Last 4th of July, Earth First!

held a protest rally in Arches

National Park, and the second

Round River Rendezvous near

Fisher Towers along the

Colorado River to draw attention

to the continuing travesty being perpetrated by Ray Tibbets and his contemptuous band of wilderness-wreckers.

But here it is: Summer of '82,

and these same southeastern

Utah scum, who call themselves "representatives of the people," and who actually want a giant

nuke waste dump to be brought

in near Canyonlands National

Park, are now planning this 4th

of July yet another invasion into

Negro Bill Canyon!

According to local conserva-

tionsists, Ray Tibbets thinks that

the definition of a "road" includes

tire tracks in the sand. "There are

Giant Redwoods Threatened

Time is running out for the giant sequoias of McKinley Grove. The U.S. Forest Service is planning to log within this "virgin" stand located in the Sierra National Forest east of Fresno, California. Sierra Association For Environment (SAFE), an EF! affiliate, has appealed this decision at all levels—from the Forest Supervisor to the Chief of the Forest Service. The appeals have been denied. The timber beasts are preparing to sell the timber.

It is the intent of the Forest Service to bring this virgin grove of sequoias under "management." In their Environmental Assessment, the Forest Service considered only three "management" alternatives for the grove. Their "no action" alternative is perhaps the most acceptable of the three offered but it fails to deal with the problem of 100 years of accumulated fuels build-up brought on by the exclusion of fire. An uncontrolled blaze burning up other life forms. If you can step beyond the beautiful eyes of my little ghost, think for a moment about what every additional human child really means (and remember that the impact of each of our middle-class babies is equivalent to that of forty in the Third World). More old-growth timber clearcut, increased grazing pressures on marginal grassland, another irrigation project drowning a desert river to farm another virgin valley, another oil pad and rig in a remote wildland with a dusty access road, another sterile jungle clearing to play the ghastly "green revolution" game, more poison in our seas choking our finny fellow citizens, more minerals ripped out of their natural place in the Earth and turned into tawdry goods...

But if these images do not touch you as they touch me, think also that every baby is one to starve with a bloated belly in the Sahel, to bleed as a stray .223 caliber slug tumbles through her tiny body in Guatemala, to live in horror on the streets of Bombay, to escape the plastic loveless world of LA with drugs when she's fifteen and lonely to wither with radiation. Not only do our babies cause the Earth to suffer but they will suffer themselves. Because of hunger, oppression, disease, and war. Because human society, psychology, and politics are in chaos. Because human population will soon be drastically leveled. Because there are too many of us.

Think before you have that baby. One more to cause suffering. One more to suffer. Have your tubal ligation, your vasectomy. Now. Before you are haunted by the little girl you didn't have. Or had.

Earth First! Found in Kenya

Lake Victoria, Kenya (EF!N)—A primate, given the name "John," was kidnapped early in March from his home in the Lambwe Valley of Kenya. "John," who eats raw meat and avoids vegetables, and who does not speak in any known tongue, is a prisoner of the authorities pending identification of John's species. John used to be active in environmental causes, but after working in so many DC offices, left for Africa in the early '70s.

from the Dinkey Creek Canyon below could very well destroy the grove.

2. The prescribed burning alternative as presented by the Forest Service makes no mention of preparing the grove for such a burn. It appears that under this alternative they would simply build a fire line around the grove and light a match.

3. The alternative chosen by the Forest Service and developed in the EA utilized cable logging systems and tracked FMC Skidders to remove "high risk" white woods from the sugar pine and white fir in the only way to "save" McKinley Grove from sure destruction. And they say that the timber sale will pay for the "management" of the grove.

SAFE maintains that not all reasonable alternatives were

the Forest Service plan to log the grove will harm the redwood trees. Logging will upset the delicate system of small springs and creeks that make it possible for the redwoods to exist. The soil will suffer compaction and erosion. The roots of the sequoias will be damaged and some will be exposed.

The redwoods will serve as "rub trees" for the cable system. There is no avoiding the damage and scars from this sort of treatment. The animals, including at least one bear, some squirrels, deer, mosquitos, bees, a fisher, a spotted owl, and others, will be tor-

mented, roasted or at least temporarily displaced.

Most frightening of all will be the future of the grove. The immediate future is a grove of giant sequoias that is no longer virgin. The distant future is a short time in the life of a 2,000 to 3,000-year-old redwood. Furthermore, the Forest Service intends to relog the grove every 10 to 20 years.

McKinley Grove is unique. The grove is one of only seven isolated giant sequoia groves between Kings River and Placerville. There are only two groves of giant sequoias in the Sierra National Forest and McKinley Grove is the only one that has never been logged. The giant sequoia groves nearest to McKinley Grove are 16 air miles to the south and 38 air miles to the north. McKinley Grove is a genetically isolated population of redwoods and probably has been for thousands of years. Giant sequoias have requirements for natural reproduction and longevity that are so specific that the trees occupy only 65 acres in hundreds of thousands of acres of forest.

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grove and at Dinkey Creek six miles away. For those who are interested, the protest activity will continue on Sunday with a pilgrimage to Hetch Hetchy. Details of all activities will be announced at the Round River Rendezvous on July 3rd and 4th and in the August 1st edition of the EF! Newsletter.

Dinkey Creek and Mc Meadow is a part of this valley. In this valley, Dinkey Creek is accessible to visitors of all kinds, including humans and the migrating North Kings Deer Herd. Dinkey Creek is locally famous for its large and deep potholes that are popular for swimming. Every Dinkey Creek visitor has his or her own favorite pothole.

Historical accounts reveal that Dinkey Creek has been a popular "family" camping area since the 1870's. People camped then and continue to camp now at Dinkey Creek for the pleasures of simple solitude. the soothing peacefulness of the river, and the inspiring beauty of the area. McKinley Grove of giant redwoods is just six miles away (see the article, Giant Redwoods Threatened) and generations of Dinkey Creek campers have made the short trip there by horseback in the old days and later by auto. This writer knows one fellow who made this first trip from Dinkey Creek to McKinley Grove *by foot* as late as 1971!

Before 1870, Indians known as the Monache lived in the area. Historical accounts from the 1880's tell of Indians using the Dinkey Creek area in the snow free months only. Before that, who knows? Evidence of their presence is everywhere in the Dinkey Creek vicinity. Excavations conducted last year yielded dates of occupation going back at least 5,000 years.

Dinkey Creek continues on from the valley into a steeper canyon. It flows past more and

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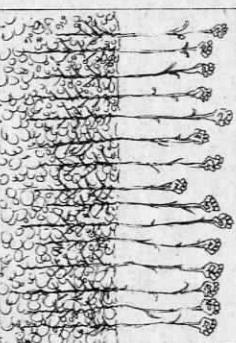
EF! Grassroots News

Every issue in the EF! Newsletter, we print all the news we get on what our local EF! groups are doing. The idea is to let each group have a voice alongside other voices in the EF! movement. No longer do Earth First! minded people have to feel they are lone-wolves crying into the mechanized wasteland. Do what you do well, but write to the EF! Newsletter and tell us, too!

Contacts

We don't give out the mailing list, but if you're in a hurry, send us the message you want to get out (and a little \$ if you can) and we'll do a mailing to EF! Newsletter subscribers in your area (or any other region you wish to contact).

This way we leave the decision to get involved completely up to the individual, and respect possible desires for anonymity. Or send a note before deadline and



22 THINGS TO DO AS AN EARTH FIRST!ER

1. Encourage folks in your area to attend the 1982 EARTH FIRST! 4th of July Round River Rendezvous and Sagebrush Patriot Rally in the Gros Ventre Mountains of Wyoming. Organize a carpool to the Gros Ventre. There will be the opportunity to discuss issues with EF!ers around the country and a discussion on EF! local groups and action.
2. Show the movie "Cracking the Glen Canyon Damn" at a local EARTH FIRST! meeting or to a meeting of your Sierra Club, etc.
3. Arrange for Johnny Sagebrush and Dave Foreman to come to your area as part of the EARTH FIRST! Road Show. Coordinate with other EF! contacts or groups in your region of the U.S. for several appearances with Johnny and Dave during the same time period.
4. Organize an EF! demonstration against Jim Watt, George Bush, Ronald Reagan, Anne Gorsuch, or other villains if they come to your area.
5. Organize an EF! demonstration against John Crowell as part of our "Howl Against Crowell" project if he comes to your area (see May 1 newsletter). We may soon be able to send out "Crowell's travel schedule to local EF! contacts.
6. If you want to set up a local EF! meeting, etc., contact Pete Dustrud about sending an invitation out to all EF!ers locally. Print up your flier and send it to Pete for mailing.
7. Develop EF! proposals for RARE II bills or the BLM Wilderness Review in your state. Propose larger wilderness areas than moderate conservationists (Sierra Club, etc.)
8. Get involved in local or state environmental issues. Take a hard-line, noncompromise approach. Present the radical position.

9. Sell EF! t-shirts, bumper stickers, m on key wrench jewelry, buttons, Lil' Green Songbooks, calendars. Arrange for local bookstores, outdoor shops, etc. to sell EF! stuff. Call or write our Ely, NV office (POB 235, Ely, NV 89301).
10. Set up a meeting of EF! contacts and activists in your region to plan strategy and discuss issues (such as for the Northeast, South, or Northwest).
11. Distribute the EF! Newsletter at state-wide wilderness workshops, local Sierra Club or Audubon meetings, or through friendly, outdoor stores, etc.
12. Mobilize support and local participation for other national EARTH FIRST! actions and issues. Details will be sent to you.
13. Organize local action on a coordinated EF! issue the same day across the country.
14. Organize a national EF! action on a local issue (such as the Gros Ventre, GO Road, 3 Sisters kitty litter mining, Canyonlands nuclear dump).
15. Report on your local issues and EF! activities for the EF! Newsletter.
16. Testify for EARTH FIRST! at wilderness or environmental hearings in your area or state. Be sure to take a stronger, no compromise stance than do other groups.
17. Get Silent Agitators from EF! and put them up in appropriate places.
18. Get a sample EF! letterhead from Pete Dustrud and make copies for use by your local group.
19. Take on the national coordination of an issue or organizing project for EF! (merchandise, ORVs, population, etc.)
20. Develop boundaries and justification for any proposed EF! Wilderness Preserves in your area. Adopt any of our proposed preserves in your region of the country (Contact Dave Foreman for draft maps, etc.).
21. Write articles, press releases, letters to the editor on the EARTH FIRST! position on local and national issues.
22. Use your imagination!

THE EVER-EXPANDING INGENUOUS EARTH FIRST! CONTACT LIST

★ Coordinating Contact:	CA - Bart Boyer, 6874 50th St., San Diego, CA 92120
Tony Moore, 316 E. Spruce #2, Missoula, MT 59801 (406) 728-5493	CO - Richard Ling, 1020 13th #K, Boulder, CO 80302
AK - Albino Waerwulf, S.R.	CO - Art Goodtimes, POB 1008, Telluride, CO 84435
20036, Fairbanks, AK 99701	CO - Steve Raworth, 8593 Hwy. 172, Ignacio, CO 81137
AR - Bill Coleman, 924 N. Taylor, Little Rock, AR 72203	CT - R. Neil Harvey, 235 So. Park St., Willmantic, CT 06226
(501) 664-7127	FL - Dave Burkart, 3117B N.W. 6th St., Gainesville, FL 32601
CA - Philip Friedman, 2300 Ortiga St., San Francisco, CA 94122	GA - Julia L. Heinz, 5531 Arundel Dr., Atlanta, GA 30327
	IL - Don Johnson/Prairie Grove Group, EF!
CA - Michael Bordenane, Sierra Assoc. for Environment, 3771 Circle Dr., W. Fresno, CA 93704	MT - Tony Moore, 316 E. Spruce #2, Missoula, MT 59801
(209) 229-0272	MT - John R. Davey, 1106 Knollwood, Kalamazoo, MI 49007
CA - Jean C. Gordon, 1214 B Mill St., San Luis Obispo, CA 93401	NB - Jack Ellis, 3920 Dewey, Omaha, NB 68105
CA - Tim Jeffries, 22 Claus Cir., Fairfax, CA	NV - Jomayne R. Stevens, 65 Vine St., Reno, NV 89503
(415) 456-7433	NJ - Bob Ludd, 246 Fawn Ridge, Rd., Des Plaines, IL 60018
CA - Bob and/or Jean Curry, 302 Otis St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060	NM - Neil Cobb, 421½ Harvard SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106
	NM - Tom Callanan, 815 Dunlap St., Sante Fe, NM 87106
CA - Bill Devall, PO Box 21, Arcata, CA 95521	(505) 988-1382
	NY - Milton Bieber, Stevens Rd., RD 1, Tully, NY 13159
(707) 822-8136	(315) 696-8072
KS - Daniel Dancer, Sleeping Beauty Ranch, Oskaloosa, KS 66066	WA - Dan R. Brauner, E. 304 Indiana, Spokane, WA 99207
	WI - Don Ticknor, Rt. 3, Box 134A, Osseo, WI 54758
CA - Bill Deval, PO Box 21, Arcata, CA 95521	WV - J.R. Spruce, Box 222-A, R.R. 1, Ridgeley, WV 26753
	(304) 738-2212
CA - Bob and/or Jean Curry, 302 Otis St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060	WA - Randy Weeks, 1221 Bing St., Olympia, WA 98502
	WA - Paul Bratton, Judy Price, POB 111A, Deerfield, VA 24432
CA - Bill Devall, PO Box 21, Arcata, CA 95521	WA - Laurel Rubin, 1705 Alder St., LaGrande, OR 97850
	(503) 426-4913
CA - Bob and/or Jean Curry, 302 Otis St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060	OR - Greg Morris, 2570 Jackson St., Eugene, OR 97405
	OR - Lori Aschenbrenner, 309 E. Logan, Enterprise, OR 97828
CA - Bill Devall, PO Box 21, Arcata, CA 95521	OR - Eileen Key, 4815 N.E. Flanders, Portland, OR 97213
	(503) 236-7308
CA - Bob and/or Jean Curry, 302 Otis St., Santa Cruz, CA 95060	WI - Don Ticknor, Rt. 3, Box 134A, Osseo, WI 54758
	(715) 538-4336
CA - Bill Devall, PO Box 21, Arcata, CA 95521	WY - Howie Wolke, POB 2348, Jackson, WY 83001
	(304) 738-2212

9. Sell EF! t-shirts, bumper stickers, m on key wrench jewelry, buttons, Lil' Green Songbooks, calendars. Arrange for local bookstores, outdoor shops, etc. to sell EF! stuff. Call or write our Ely, NV office (POB 235, Ely, NV 89301).
10. Set up a meeting of EF! contacts and activists in your region to plan strategy and discuss issues (such as for the Northeast, South, or Northwest).



Bureau of Leasing Management

By Amanda Y Perey de los Volcanes, New Mexico

Little Billy Harkenrider, BLM Resources Area Manager, stood up in front of a few mid-mannered conservationists, or so he thought, the other night and more-or-less said, "Gee, shucks folks—I think we made a little boo boo here, we're really sorry, we know you'll say it's OK." What happened was a god-damn criminal act. Bill Harkenrider didn't know was that in that group of mild-mannered conservationists were several Earth Firsters. What Bill Harkenrider let happen was a god-damn Exxon the go-ahead to cut a friggin' road in the West Portrillo Study Area under the guise of seismic testing."

The West Portrillo Mountains in south-central New Mexico, are delicate and fragile. These mountains are actually volcanic cones. Wonderful creations, full of nooks and crannies and hidden treasures. The area proposed for wilderness is not a lava flow but rather magnificent, undulating craters and the adjacent desert basin which provided a home for the very old (maybe a hundred years or more) creosote bushes along with the usual desert grasses and mesquite. When Exxon did its seismic testing, no one from BLM checked to see what was being done to the land. Exxon drove vibroseis machines and all the "necessary" support vehicles. These monsters wreaked havoc on the wonderful, pristine land! Everywhere they went they caused destruction, devastation. The old creosote bushes were no more. The mesquite and grass ceased to exist. The top layer of sand was churned away. All one could see in the wake of these monsters were two tracks of white, white clay. In some cases, the tracks went all the way down to the lava itself. Very little was

left between the tracks. Vegetation that had taken maybe twenty, fifty or a hundred years to grow had been wiped out in less than a month.

The monsters not only cut the approved straight lines (2, 3, 4 miles long) but they got creative. One hillside has a long, skinny rectangle. There are loops all around one end. It is a masterpiece of wanton destruction of a fragile sculpture. The damage done. BLM took a look and said, "We made a mistake..."

When some Earth Firsters took a look from a generously provided "environmental aircraft," the initial shock left them speechless. Then came comments of "Shit," "God-damn," "Son-of-a-bitch," "Jesus-fucking Christ, I can't believe it!" This was followed by a roar of "Who the hell let this happen?!" and, "Let's get him, sue him, get him fired, hang him, god-damn son-of-a-bitch!" It was total incompetency for Harkenrider to approve such an exploration application (Notice of Intent), but to not ever check the work being done by the seismic crew until after the fact is gross mismanagement. It was a case of handing the wilderness study area over to Exxon to manage. Which they did. They managed to scar, destroy and devastate.

Maybe Harkenrider should find a job with Exxon. He certainly did a good job for them this time. Maybe we should help him on his way. We don't want incompetent managers managing our lands, our precious, few and wonderful wild lands. We should tell BLM to stop playing industry's game! Reclaim all the lands you've already wasted!! Do your job, protect our lands!"

EARTH FIRST!

Don't be fooled that the marches
don't count • that the arrests
don't matter • that the strikes
don't hurt • Because the dragon
is a liar with a tongue as slick
as grease & miles & miles of wheels
that only roll as long as you let it
Each bump spells a break in the
interlocking management that runs
this juggernaut • Corporate Moloch
Nuclear horse that eats its young
Paws ore from the earth to forge
its mills & the more you ignore it
the more mess it makes • So
don't be fooled when the camera
distorts • When the headlines say
that the blood that's spilled
was spilled in vain • It takes more
than weathermen to make it rain
Don't be fooled • Each mother voice
is a rock in the way • Each wrench
wreaks havoc in the smooth engine
of the dragon's day

A CHARM TO EXPLODE POPCORN

O Terrorist of the vegetable world
burst your golden prison!
O Second Cousin of the Mexican jumping-Bean
the summer sun's booming energy
compacted within your shell release!
O Nova-Nut, microbang image of
our macrobang cosmos—
hear by conjuring voice and expand!
Let popping kernel comets careen
about the kitchen.
O Molotov Cocktail of the Peaceful
Maize Family—even after
your cataclysmic birth
you remain volatile—
leaping out of hands

-James Bogan

O Noble Dynamite Corn—
levitous to the last
pop!

bags &
boxes

its mills & the more you ignore it
the more mess it makes • So
don't be fooled when the camera
distorts • When the headlines say
that the blood that's spilled
was spilled in vain • It takes more
than weathermen to make it rain
Don't be fooled • Each mother voice
is a rock in the way • Each wrench
wreaks havoc in the smooth engine
of the dragon's day

—Art Goodtimes

—Kuksu Brigade
Union of Street Poets
Telluride
Winter, 2008I



I could cancel all oil leases
And save endangered species
If I only had a heart.

It wouldn't take much doing
To save the land we're ruining
If I only had a heart.

In a hundred years
Our Parks would still be here
If I only had a heart.

We could keep things hummin'
Even with no second cumin'

If I only had a heart.
How I'd love, it you knew it
To tell Ronnie to screw it
If I only had a heart, a brain,
some courage.

—David E. Ortmann

-Luna

Editorial

The Falklands—A Sterling Opportunity

By Dave Foreman

There is no way of predicting what the situation in the Falkland Islands will be when you read this. Perhaps the United States and Russia will have gotten involved and you won't be reading it at all! There is, however, one clear and simple path to a peaceful settlement that saves face for both Great Britain and Argentina. This approach also opens unlimited doors for pacific resolution of other territorial conflicts between dozens of other puffed-up imperial states, large and small, disturbing our sleep with their infernal sabre rattling. This approach is so incisive, so brilliant, that it is surprising that the only true God left on Earth, Henry Kissinger, didn't think it up first. But since he didn't, we'll just sit back and wait for our Nobel Peace Prize. I give you the EARTH FIRST! Falkland Peace Plan:

Peace in our time!
Wilderness glare!

Visions of Cleaver

During a mid-May speech in Berkeley, Eldridge Cleaver (ex-Black Panther leader and author of *Soul on Ice*) was harangued and finally assaulted by hecklers.

Cleaver, who has been trying hard to find his new niche in the world, was planning on becoming a Mormon, but has evidently given that up to be a Moonie.

PARALLEL PERILS

Harris Burg was 45 years old. He lived 9 miles away from a small river island in the state of Pennsylvania.

The earth was 4.5 billion years old. It orbited 90 million miles from the sun in a small solar system of the Milky Way.

In March of 1979, an incident occurred at power plant on the island. A near meltdown of the plant's reactor core resulted in a substantial release of radioactive steam and gas.

Rather late in the earth's history, a physically weak, but fiendishly clever biped began to assume a dominant role over the continents, plants and animals of the planet.

Since the human body is biologically unsuited for defense against radiation, Harris inhaled and ingested tiny bits ("safe") of the radioactive material.

The continents and lifeforms of the world were defenseless against the bipeds. They conquered and settled the land in a relatively short time.

Harris continued to prosper for a couple of years, but slowly the random firing of high energy particles from the absorbed radioactive materials began to affect him.

The settlements prospered for a few millennia, but over-population, over-consumption, greed and waste began to strain the economies of the world.

At first the damage was minor. Atoms were stripped of electrons. DNA molecules were stripped of atoms. Cell replication became less perfect.

In the beginning the warning signs were ambiguous. Some nations still flourished, but increasingly at the expense of one another. Inflation and unemployment climbed.

It's uncertain when the runaway cell production process began. In the beginning Harris was unaware and apparently unaffected by it. *It's not clear when the economic indicators first signaled a problem. The people mostly ignored the indicators anyway.*

But one morning Harris awoke to a small, but sharp pain. Panic stricken, he contacted his physician and minister.

The problem's first serious manifestation was a motor fuel shortage. Panic stricken, the people squatted at their politicians and economists.

The physician told him to take two aspirin and call back in the morning. The minister reminded him that he had not been tithing. The physician's fee: 225 dollars.

The economists said they should stockpile butter and the politicians said they needed more guns. They did both at a cost of 225 billion dollars.

Meanwhile, the economy continued to expand at a satisfying rate. The GNP exceeded 1.5% per month (not corrected for inflation).

Harris began to experience steady pain. He became desperate. He consulted a chiropractor, then an astrologist. His hope waned.

But the people's situation continued to deteriorate. In desperation, they began electing lawyers, then movie actors for leaders. Hopes soared. Terminally ill, Harris withdrew his savings (substantial penalties) brought a motorhome and took a trip. Exponential cell growth continued.

Inflation declined, but massive unemployment ensued. Motorhome sales rose. Growth sustained the economy for a time.

Harris Burg died.

Growth is progress.

DYING TO Meet the Bomb

Almost one half million anti-nuke demonstrators in Japan protested the nuke arms race Sunday, May 23. A giant timed "Die-In" was staged during the demonstration to symbolize a mass of corpses.

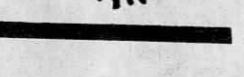
No other sound but the sound of cheetagrass
The sound of stone
The sound of a mombling breeze

Argentines can give Namibia to the
nifient Southern Andes and
Tierra del Fuego Wilderness
Preserve. South Africa and
Angola can give Bushmen to a UN
free-roaming Bushmen as a UN
protected Wilderness Park.

China can solve its border dis-
putes with Russia and India and
Borneo and New Guinea as Stone
Age Preserves! I could go on and
on. Peace in our time!

So rare, no two are ever alike.

CARMED WITH VISIONS



Submissions invited of eco-radical

and earth-nurturing work — Please

include SASE—All rights reserved
to the authors—Armed with Visions,

Art Goodtimes, Box 1008, Telluride,

Colorado, 81435.

(an excerpt from *Ground Zero*)

My dreams take place on an inland sea
a land soaked in silver shadows and blue.
We are traveling to the continent.
We are looking for a room to rent. We are having a baby.
We are building a house.

You say unrecognized. Unpublished. I say just
wait. You say holocaust. You say apocalypse. I say
love.

Once you went with me.

Once you came for me.
We climb the loft together. This, you say
is your home now. This northwest corner. This last place
we can run.

Good Luther

they gave you back
what you heard from them
and you then
turned your deep service
to the rest of men

-Jack Mueller

(an excerpt from *Ground Zero*)

red willow

speak to me
red willow
of the magic
in the world
let me have the vision
of a child
so that i may always
be free

-Pine Wolf

The Black Christ

During the Detroit riots
a statue of Christ was
covered with black shoe
polish the priests dare
not remove.

It stands.
The graven image is social
dynamite.

-John Grube

(first published in *Soup*)

PULL THE PLUG on radio evangelists.
Less aural acts, more oral sex!
Ranters, 55 Sutter 487, S.F., CA
94104.

in this dance
we are connected
flesh to bone

in all our movements
dreams open like doors
light tumbles through

in this dance
we are connected
blood to semen

belly moon shine
eggs fall every 28 days
sextorses born every minute

new day/blue day

in this dance
your eyes meet mine
smiling

Feel the difference.

Déclassé(Red)

FALLING MARX: Maoists: Marxist
Maoites. Trotskyism: Stalinism's
loyal opposition. Leftism: too many
causes, not enough effects. Why not
go so far left you've left the left
behind? The left is gauche, make
your own revolution! **Nothing-**
Leftists, 55 Sutter, 487, S.F., CA
CA 94104

DEAR NED LUDD

The "Dear Ned Ludd" column is a regular feature of the Earth First! Newsletter.

Each issue we print whatever comes our way regarding unusual or extreme methods of preventing ecological collapse.

Earth First! and the Earth First! Newsletter, however, do not necessarily advocate any opinion or method outlined in this column, nor do we support any illegal or violent acts. Our readers are encouraged to consult with their local law enforcement authorities before actually proceeding with any questionable activity. We take no responsibility, nor credit, for any possible consequences of this column.

Submissions for "Dear Ned Ludd" are subject to condensation, editing or censure. Please indicate whether submissions are to be accompanied by your name and address.

Dear Mr. Ludd,

In the May 1st issue of Earth First! you printed a letter from "No Name Please" explaining the colors of paint used to mark timber sales on federal land. I hate to spoil the fun but unfortunately the meanings of those paint colors vary from region to region, from forest to forest, from district to district, and even from timber sale to timber sale. The style of marking also varies. The same is true of flagging and paint colors and styles of application for other designations such as cultural resource sites, wildlife plots, fuel plots, *et cetera*.

The best practical way to confuse the issue in the woods is to paint over painted trees with black spray paint. One could always chip the painted bark away but I think that would be time consuming and counter-productive.

On some timber sales, they previously marked for cutting by "mark out" trees that had been previously marked for cutting by a skeleton crew. One would have to have an inside knowledge of the tree marking plan to be able to mark out trees as an eco-tactic.

Loping On Empty

If you perhaps thought that the \$10 or so you sent in to Earth First! was to provide just one of many thousand subscriptions produced in a plush, well-financed office by a fat-salaried staff, you would be wrong.

First off, you are one of about a thousand subscribers. We may be big on the Earth, but we're still small in number—the same goes for this newsletter. With the assistance of a few volunteers, I work FULLTIME, to make this newsletter worth its paper and ink.

The unfortunate reality of this paper's existence, however, is that it must survive on a shoestring, and with a skeleton crew.

Our subscribers aren't in the Social Register, hence, they don't have lots of cash to spare. That's the way it generally is with those who put the Earth ahead of money.

Despite that, we're trying to make the newsletter go—on its own—and the only way we can keep going now (besides doing a decent job) is to cut back to eight pages and to attract NEW subscribers. No one has paid for any advertising so far—and I kind of hope we don't have to go that route. When finances improve, we will return to 12 pages, which seems about right.

So what's the pitch? Just this: If you like the EF! Newsletter and you know somebody you want to give a subscription to, or if you think you might be due to renew yours, or if you have just a few dollars you could see spending to keep this rag kicking, please consider filling out the form below.

Thank you, Pete Dustrud, EF! Editor

Clip and send to the Earth First! Newsletter, P.O. Box 26221, Salt Lake City, Utah 84126

There's something I like about the EF! Newsletter! Here's some \$_____ to keep it in good health and to keep it coming to me.

I want to send a gift subscription of the EF! News to:

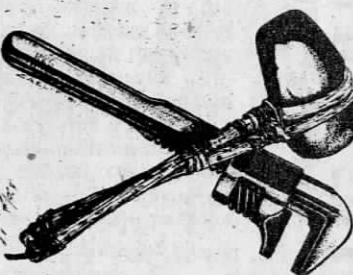
Name _____ Address _____ Zip _____

Here's enough \$ to cover a year's worth.

Have Tony Moore get hold of me: I wish to become a regional EF!

Contact for the _____ area.

Your Name _____ Address _____ Zip _____



BY JOHN ZAELIT

Whatever the case, when using spray paint, be careful. Wear goggles and a protective mask. Don't do it on a windy day. And, remember to point the arrow away from the body.

"One Who Knows" P.S. A 5-year-old wrote this for me.

Dear "One Who Knows,"

Seems you know your biz. Only thing that bothers me is your suggestion of using a spraycan. There's already enough crap loose in the environment; we surely don't need any more fluorocarbons in the air.

Also, don't your timber barons mark "selective" as well as areas to be "clear-cut" in a similar manner? Which are we trying to discourage? How do we tell the difference?

—Ned

Dear Ned Ludd,

One of the annoying things about putting up posters is that they keep falling off whatever edifice I stick them on. But no more!

Here's the scoop: When out "postering" take along some powdered milk, water, bowl and sponge. Smear a strong solution of this muck onto front and back of poster with sponge, affix poster and spread more solution all over it. It works great! Poster comes off in ten years or so.

Signed,

Ann R. Kist

P.S. Don't use this tactic to destroy murals and other people's



Son of Road Show

It's said that you can't teach old dogs new tricks, but this fall our resident dog and pony show, Johnny Sagebrush and Dave Foreman, will hit that long lone-some highway again with the Great EARTH FIRST! Traveling Road Show. This year they'll have the Glen Canyon Damn Crack movie, new songs, a better supply of trinkets (t-shirts, bumperstickers, monkeywrench jewelry, calendars, songbooks, etc.), and an inspiring message on new tactics for the environmental movement of the Eighties (based on this summer of confrontation with the industrial beast in the Gross Ventre, Siskiyous, Sierra, Three Sisters, Bisti, and Canyonlands).

Instead of hitting the entire United States in one epic of suffering, Johnny and Dave would like to break the country up into more reasonable bites—such as the Pacific Coast, Midwest, New England, etc. They also would like to give preference to locations they missed last year although they're more than happy to do repeat performances.

If you'd like to organize an appearance by Johnny and Dave in your area, let us know at P.O. Box 235, Ely, NV 89301, as soon as possible so we can start putting together regional packages. Hosting Johnny and Dave in your area is one of the best ways to get a local EARTH FIRST! group going.

KAYAK, PADDLE, OR RAFT THE GRAND CANYON

And help save the Colorado! ed KAYAK SUPPORT and raft/paddle trips at special/low prices, as benefit Friends of the River in its effort to protect the Canyon from "peaking power".

Write:
FOR-Southwest,
Box 1115,
Flagstaff, AZ 86002.

artwork, like the Art Maggots did in Eugene, Oregon.

Dear Ms. Kist,

In my day (during the industrial revolution), we didn't have powdered milk. We used shellac to fix posters and slogans, although it smeared. I also understand a quart of liquid bleach into the fuel tank. Once the engine is fired up and running at operating temperature, the bleach causes intense and quick overheating, resulting in massive damage to pistons, valves, etc. Ever heard of this?

Ned

Dear Ned Ludd,

Once I knew this trucker who gave me a most unusual method of disabling diesel trucks: Empty a quart of liquid bleach into the fuel tank. Once the engine is fired up and running at operating temperature, the bleach causes intense and quick overheating, resulting in massive damage to pistons, valves, etc. Ever heard of this?

east central Nevada) makes a great deal of sense: It is in a central location for the entire West, it's only four or five hours from Salt Lake City, and there's a hell of a lot of wilderness nearby.

EARTH FIRST! in Ely (in Ely, Nevada, dying copper town, hotbed of Knownothingism, and cultural arm pit?) It's true. On June 15, Johnny Sagebrush (Bart Koehler), Wildcat Annie, and Dave Foreman will move in together in a house in Ely and conduct many of the functions of EARTH FIRST! from that garden location. Actually, Ely (in east central Nevada) makes a great deal of sense: It is in a central location for the entire West, it's only four or five hours from Salt Lake City and your mail will be forwarded. Obviously, we plan to keep a fairly low profile in our new hometown since we have little desire to try out any locally braided neckties.

P.O. BOX 235

EARTH FIRST! assiduously tries to avoid doing the expected.

So, where would a more reasonable place for an EF! office than Ely, Nevada, dying copper town, hotbed of Knownothingism, and cultural arm pit? It's true. On

June 15, Johnny Sagebrush (Bart

Dave Foreman will move in together in a house in Ely and conduct many of the functions of EARTH FIRST! from that garden location. Actually, Ely (in

east central Nevada) makes a

great deal of sense: It is in a cen-

tral location for the entire West,

it's only four or five hours from Salt Lake City and there's a hell

of a lot of wilderness nearby.

EARTH FIRST! in Ely will

soon be getting a phone (which

will probably be installed by an FBI agent so watch what you say). Communicate directly with EF! in Ely on the above topics or use your permanent address in Salt Lake City and your mail will be forwarded.

Obviously, we plan to keep a fairly low profile in our new hometown since we have little desire to try out any locally braided neckties.

Snake Oil & Trinkets

With the grand opening of the Earth First! Nevada Office comes easy access to our line of tested and approved goodies. No more frustrated waiting for your T-shirts or Li'l Green Songbooks.

T-Shirts

Earth First! T-Shirts—Earth First! First! Shirts—Earth First! lettering with fist in circle—Green 100% cotton in men's sizes: S, M, Lg., X-Lg. \$7.50 plus shipping.

"Cracking" of Glen Canyon Damn" by artist Jim Stiles. Light blue 50-50 mix fabric. In men's sizes: S, M, Lg., X-Lg. \$7.50 plus shipping.

Topo Maps

Earth First! T-Shirts—Earth First! First! Shirts—Earth First! lettering with fist in circle—Green 100% cotton in men's sizes: S, M, Lg., X-Lg. \$7.50 plus shipping.

Topo Maps

Earth First! T-Shirts—Earth First! First! Shirts—Earth First! lettering with fist in circle—Green 100% cotton in men's sizes: S, M, Lg., X-Lg. \$7.50 plus shipping.

Topo Maps

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Topo Maps

EF! Goodies Order Form

Make out a check or money order to "Earth First! Merchandise".

Include shipping and handling.

Include a dollar shipping on smaller orders, up to \$4 on larger orders. Send \$ and order blank to: Earth First!, PO Box 235, Ely NV 89301. 30% discount on orders of 10 or more of any item.

□ OK, here's my \$_____. Send me the following:

_____ EF! T-shirt(s), Size(s) _____

_____ Li'l Green Songbook(s)

_____ Bumpersticker(s). Circled: "EF!" "Drill Watt." "Hayduke..." "Rudolf..." "Rednecks for Wilderness"

_____ Topo Maps. (Specify) _____

_____ Monkeywrench(es) _____

_____ Calendar(s) _____

_____ Other _____

Allow approximately 30 days for delivery

— ON THE RUN

Caribou in Maine

P.O. Box 26221
Salt Lake City, UT
84126

By Gary Lawless

To:

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BULK RATE

Activists!



In spite of a direct request by Wyoming Governor Ed Herschler (not to mention EFL and others) to deny Getty Oil a permit to road and drill Little Granite Creek.

Jim Watt's Minerals Management Service has signed the document allowing the Oil Giant to begin destroying the Gros Ventre range.

If administrative and legal appeals by local conservation organizations fail, Getty's bulldozers could invade the Gros Ventre as early as June 15! Earth First! is, of course, sponsoring the third annual Round River Rendezvous at Little Granite Creek on July 3-4, but a rendezvous is one thing, an invasion by the Getty Monster is quite another.

When (and if) Getty tromps into the Gros Ventre, Earth First! must be there to defend her. We'll keep you informed, but bear in mind that events are breaking rapidly. Uncertainties prevail. We may very well need you and your friends to help prevent the impending rape of Little Granite Creek after June 14. Please send us the names, addresses and phone numbers of people in your area who will be available to help us. We'll also need money for food, transpor-

Fill Out & Return to RRR Headquarters

Yes! I'll be there! Drop me a quick note or call when you need me!

Sorry folks, but I'll still be at the RRR—and what a RRR it will be!

My name, address, etc. _____

Phone _____

P.S. Don't use this to broadcast my name all over, just call me when you're ready and so shall I be ready.

MX Drops Back To Utah

No sooner did the Great Basin racetrack basing scheme for the MX Missiles get scrapped than the generals in charge of mutually assured destruction (MAD) came up with new and equally macabre ideas of what to do with the MX. Now the Air Force is trying to bring their "Dense Pack, Deep Basing Mode" for the MX to southern Utah.

Several near-wilderness areas are being eyed in Utah for the giant, suicidal boondoggle, including the Book Cliffs, Pine Valley Mountain, Hurricane Cliffs and Boulder Mountain.

Prime Minister Thatcher remarked on how she loves her visits to the British colonies. Unfortunately, when reminded by announcer Ray Deate that the U.S. was no longer a British holding, Thatcher became very indignant, accused Ray of being Irish or Argentinian, and threatened to surround the "island" with British Navy (she was apparently confused by the Clark Fork River, which meanders quite a bit.)

Finally, after the umpires had quelled most of the spy shenanigans and restored the order so necessary at a championship ball game, the American power hitters came to life in the late innings. Lead by the atomic bats of Generals Confusion, Motors, Electric, and Dynamics, and solidified by the strong relief pitching of General Gloria, the Americans gained a 16-13 lead in the bottom of the 8th inning.

In the 9th, the Soviets rallied again. Temporarily calmed by talks of "first strike potential" and "parity," they had relaxed and lost their lead. But several solid hits and daring wartime running pushed the three tying runners across the plate and left two runners on base with two out. The situation brought fear to the hearts of the Americans, when another unexpected guest appearance brought a halt to the violent affair.

Borrowing the microphone from announcer Deate, Polly Profit, and Billy Blazo, the soccer club spokesman Dread Scott, stated "De Tird world countries deh are tired of nuclear bomb game. We united peoples will no longer stand for big nations to threaten us wid da bombs. Live in peace and dance." And dance they did, generals, Dread, and spectators, bringing a sudden end to the ball game.

Fair enough. No one could win a nuclear war, anyway, so a tie was a fitting conclusion. Not everyone was in total agreement, however. A Missoula County deputy sheriff observing the Dread party was heard saying at games end, "No wonder they want to drop the bomb."



Soccer to 'Em

Continued from Page 5

Haig and Nixon expressed disappointment that we were replacing bombs with softballs, then scurried back to their respective cubbyholes. President Reagan seemed delighted to be a part of the festivities, but appeared slightly offended that he hadn't been asked to play. Maybe next year, Gipper.

The sled runners hum through the loose snow. Four dogs in harness. We are heading through the woods to the water. We slow in each clearing, looking for trails, tracks we will never see. Looking for the tracks of caribou and finding only silence and fresh snow.

I first saw them in June, while climbing to the top of Gros Morne, in western Newfoundland. They were standing on snow patches, reflected light, fur and antler. The rising cool air discourages blackflies, mosquitos. Pawing at the snow. The Micmac named them caribou, the shovel.

The caribou lived in Maine until the early 1900's. Hunters shot them and shipped them south on the railroads. (Most of Maine's resources are shipped south and sold.) In 1896 239 were killed and shipped. In 1900 the season was closed. In 1906 the official word was "there are no indications of any caribou left in the state." The loss of the caribou should not be placed directly upon the hunters. The forest was changing. With the burning and clearing of the land, the caribou moved north. The change in the forest also brought in the white tailed deer, and with it a parasitic meningeal worm which killed caribou by infecting the spinal cord and brain.

The last caribou were sighted near Mount Katahdin, in north-central Maine, in 1908. Six woodland and four barren ground

caribou were introduced into the Corbin Preserve in New Hampshire in 1890, but all soon died for lack of suitable food. Maine tried to reintroduce the caribou in 1963, bringing 24 adult woodland caribou from Newfoundland and dropping them into Baxter State Park near Mount Katahdin. As soon as they were released they began walking north again, and by the next summer some had traveled 90 miles to the northeast, in the direction of Newfoundland. Other than sporadic sightings, these caribou were never seen again.

Glorious it is to see long-haired winter caribou Returning to the forests.

from the Netsit

Soon the caribou could be gone from the face of the continent. Of the barren ground caribou the Beverly herd has been cut in half in the past 10 years, the Kaminuriak threatened. These caribou migrate through Canada and Alaska, calving in the spring along the Arctic Coast, moving to the north slope of Alaska, and wintering in the southern Yukon and northeast Alaska. U.S. and Canadian efforts toward a treaty to protect them has proven fruitless. In the United States, Secretary of the Interior Watt wants to open the Porcupine calving grounds to exploration for oil, gas and minerals. In Canada the native land claims issue has held up the creation of a park in the caribou range. Also, if Canadian plans for oil and gas production in the Beaufort Sea go ahead, the now remote northern part of the range will undergo a rapid transformation by man and machine.

Gary Lawless
South Harpswell, Maine